

SARAH D. LOWRIE'S SATURDAY EVENING TALK

How to Put Yourself on the Winning Side of Life

IN A letter written in the early days of the Peace Conference in Paris from a woman to her son I was struck with this sentence: "I am trying my best to understand the discussions of the Peace Conference, but I grow more and more confused. Tell me about the Book of Revelation! That is easy compared to the visions they are discussing in Paris. I find the Book of Proverbs the only reading that throws any light on the past on the present-day problems that are being thrashed out in that King's chamber."

When one thinks of what a scholar there was of the ideals of the waiting patriots of many lands by the serpent coils of the worldly wisdom of Solomon, spreading the heavenly visions of a St. John is not far-fetched. But what is still more interesting is that worldly wisdom that overreached itself and the compromise it effected has not lived three years, while the idealists are in the ascendant who were then played and overplayed. "Great four" sat in their upper room and three of them divided all the world into labeled parcels for future use.

EVERY wise old man gave me a present of a truth when I was too young to value the gift as I have since. "Do you know that anything is on the winning side," said he. "The winning side of what?" I asked. "Of life, of course," said he. "I'd just as lief," said I, guessing a trap, however, and going cautiously. "Well, I'll tell you then," said he. "The thing is bound to win in the end that measures up nearest to the Sermon on the Mount. Not that anything is likely to measure up to it in your day even, and it certainly hasn't in mine, but we're getting there. We've got this year to it. We know now that we've never really tried it as a law to live by. We're gaining on it. And that's something," he added triumphantly.

SINCE then I've listened to a great many sermons on the Sermon on the Mount, being one of the very few sermons preached by Christ and the one that made the most forceful evidence among the rank and file of men, would naturally studied the Sermon. His followers. But I have never heard any one preach about it who did not spend most of the time telling his listeners in the power of what Christ did, never mean and could not have meant by the words He said.

So it seems rather plain that even ministers and preachers, not to speak of laymen, are still a long way off from accepting the Sermon on the Mount as truth to live by. Yet every one and so often one or another of the laws that were announced as being the laws that would outlast time and find believers who would go to the stake for them, and eventually their enthusiasm becomes contagious and a whole generation is ready to accept them as final.

The law of the Kingdom of Heaven that is the particular virtue of the present time is the law of mercy.

EVERY century has its favorite virtue and its most hated vice. To be unmerciful is felt today to be cruel, and

even brutal, and no sane man nowadays would willingly rest under the stigma of cruelty and cruelty. Most men would prefer to be thought unjust if there had to be a choice.

But when that law was first promulgated very great stress was laid on justice—just as it is today. Most men would prefer to be thought unjust if there had to be a choice.

Under the Roman rule to forgive one's enemy, to spare one who had injured you, more than that to show kindness toward one who had schemed your ruin—such acts of mercy under the civilization of the Greeks or the Egyptians or the Latins must have been extremely rare and open to the criticism of showing weakness and fear. I suspect, too, that if pity and mercy were shown it was because the object of it besought very humbly and abjectly for mercy.

ONE was not merciful without being employed by a guilty and helpless suppliant. But when Christ put the showing of mercy on the ground of the need of mercy, irrespective of any humble prayer on the part of the person who has offended one, He announced a new stage of the world's morality. He foretold that He had come to bring peace and to forgive those who shall obtain the gratitude of those they have conquered by heeding their cries of contrition.

A very different thing from: "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain the grace of their God." That means that we forgive, irrespective of the man who has injured us, because we are in need every day of our forgiveness, irrespective of God. And we are so constituted that we are unable to receive that forgiveness unless we ourselves forgive.

We can all of us receive justice apparently, but mercy we are unable to give. We are capable of showing mercy to our fellow men. That is evidently a law of the soul.

WE HAVE great respect for laws of nature. We do not leap from a high peak or a deep valley, or from a great height to a great depth, because of the laws of electricity; we do not drink germ-laden water because of the laws of health; but a law that has to do with our lives is not just our bodies, we are sometimes more foolishly obedient because the inevitable result of disobedience does not mean death or even physical illness, and we can't see how it will affect the results even of unmercifulness from all but our victims, sometimes even from them just at first.

However, as the society is constituted, in the last of mercy has got over the top for a great part of the civilized world to the degree that men can ill bear the shame of being known to have acted without mercy. So that the old gentleness who made a present of truth was right; we are gaining on the Sermon on the Mount, some of its laws we have accepted word for word without explaining them away.

SARAH D. LOWRIE.

Paul and Virginia

By HELENA HOYT GRANT

Paul's Discovery

HE HAD a sort of solemn expression on his usually cheerful countenance as he came in that evening.

There was no eager saluting to discover what might be on the program for dinner. "Paul, press your handkerchief and went on into the living-room. Even the newspaper which he had been reading was still folded, an indication to Virginia's nimble mind that he had not read on the way home.

"Paul, honey," she cried softly, anxiously, "aren't you feeling well?" He looked at her moodily.

As well as one can expect, under the circumstances. "Instantly she was beside him and her cool palm against his forehead.

"Why, you don't seem feverish. It isn't a cold."

"No—blood pressure," he said gloomily; yet with a certain odd tinge of grim satisfaction.

"Blood pressure?" she repeated. "Blood pressure? Somehow she did not seem as impressed as he wished. He was disappointed.

"Yes, I went in to see Dr. Harrison on my way home to see about that insurance report; blood pressure."

He sighed lugubriously and settled back in the big chair.

"But darling, you are not ill, are you?" she repeated anxiously.

He eyed her sorrowfully. "What else do you want me to have beside a high blood pressure? No demand in an injured tone. "Menstrues or smallpox?"

"Tell me just what doctor said, Paul, dear," she commanded.

"Oh, he didn't say anything," admitted Paul shifiting. "It was the way he looked."

"Nonsense, dear," said Virginia. "Said that blood pressure was holding up a lot of insurance applications these days," said Paul evenly.

Monday—The Despot Meets

Read Your Character

By Dicky Phillips

ONE shop I can tell you of has an interesting collection of brass candlesticks, many of them old. How this busy shopkeeper has burrowed around to find her candles! In funny little streets in New York, at quaint farm-houses out in the country districts—on from anywhere and everywhere she has bought the candles, with here and there a brass tea caddy of lovely design, or perhaps a samovar replete with an interesting history. You will enjoy looking at this collection of brasses. Prices begin as low as \$3. Here might be just what you want for a Christmas gift for the difficult friend who seems to have everything.

Did you know that you can buy cotton-wool tops ready made with the cotton-wool through and everything? Those that I saw are heavy lace resembling crocheted tops. They are 50 cents. I think they can be used in a lot of ways. They are all ready for you to attach the bottom of satin or crepe de chine or batiste.

Such an cunning little set of sofa furniture. It includes a library table and two chairs upholstered in gayly colored chintz. I have seen plain wooden sets before, but never the fat upholstered ones. The set is \$4.00.

Monday—Shrewd Thumb

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

To "Le Stan" Make every effort to marry the little girl soon. It is a strange thing, but some families for no reason on earth make a fetish of the name of Stan for everything that happens. Could you manage at all on what you make?

To "Broken-Hearted" Better consult Miss Juliette or Miss Block at the Homeopathic Relations Court. This does not mean a court case, but for any publicity, but you can and will win your practical advice.

Her Case Like His Dear Cynthia—I would like very much to say a few words to the young man who signed "I Want Her Back." Your case is very similar to yours. I wrote to a young man asking to be friends, and he is very stubborn, he refused to answer it. But I still love him, as you always love her, and she seems to care for you.

She Swears! Dear Cynthia—After going with a very refined, educated and all-around girl for about four months, I find that she is a habitual user of profanity. She expresses her opinions in public as well as in private. I am very tired of it. I have asked her to try to refrain from this habit, but she refuses to even try. What can I do to stop her swearing? JOSEPH.

Likes Charming Girls Dear Cynthia—A few words to "I'm a Girl." Fellows don't select the low-bred vulgar creature in preference to the well-bred girl. The charming girl you refer to must have been of the home-made sort for fellows don't go there to have fun, just what parties are for. If this young lady was well bred and charming, as you say, she would have a better chance of getting a husband. So don't think fellows prefer the low-bred, vulgar ones. "I AM A BOY."

Wants More Freedom Dear Cynthia—For the first time I am writing for advice. I am a young girl, sixteen years old, and I am very fond of dancing. I'm allowed to go out twice a week, and I don't have to go to school. My sister is very strict with me and don't want me to stay out late. But dancing doesn't seem to be getting there. I go home about 12 o'clock. I meet a fellow at a dance who brings me home, and he really takes me a half an hour to get in, and she says the next time to go to school and bring home something that's worth while. My mother is very strict with me, and I don't think, Cynthia, that I should get more freedom. My sister is perfectly right. Girls of sixteen should certainly be home by 12 o'clock.

Why Does He Not Write? Dear Cynthia—I am a young girl of sixteen, brown curls, no dancer and a beautician. While at the store today I met a fellow who I like very much. He seemed to pay very much attention to one particular girl, but was friendly to me. At a party in the city I met him again, and he took me home. At the house he promised to write to me, and it is now a month since I saw him. Do you think the other girl has told him anything untrue about me? HELENE.

Warning to Girls Dear Cynthia—We all know how much the boys of today are encouraging the girls to do. "Blush," it always takes a girl to start something, ever since the time of the first man and Eve. Therefore I in today as it was then. Men will always and ever be led by the women. I have heard my mother tell us: "It takes a mother twenty-one years to make a man out of her boy, but it takes only a minute to make a fool out of him." And this I find to be very true indeed.

WHAT'S WHAT BY HELEN DEWITT

Polynanna French Dressing Place in a bottle. One teaspoon of powdered sugar, One teaspoon of mustard, One-half teaspoon of thyme, One-half teaspoon of grated lemon rind, One teaspoon of paprika, One-half teaspoon of salt, Two teaspoons of grated onion, One teaspoon of finely minced parsley, Three-quarters cup of salad oil, One-quarter cup of vinegar, Close the bottle and shake vigorously and, when creamy, pour at once over the salad.

Potsdam Mayonnaise Place in a saucepan One-half cup of green mayonnaise, One-half cup of green finely shredded celery, using the green tops of the celery, One-half onion, grated, Four tablespoons of finely chopped cabbage, Two tablespoons of French dressing, One teaspoon of powdered sugar, Mix well and serve on plain lettuce.

Cooled Salad Dressings Place in a saucepan One-half cup of vinegar, One-half cup of water, Three tablespoons of flour, Stir to dissolve the flour and bring to a boil; cook for five minutes and then add One teaspoon of mustard,

THE "LITTLEST" HAT IS WORN ALL DAY



The Need of a Well-Appearing Table Is All-Important, Says Mrs. Wilson

And Quotes a Letter From a Man Who Realizes This—He Also Gives His Excellent Recipes for Salads and Dressings

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

Three-quarters teaspoon of paprika, One teaspoon of mustard, One teaspoon of salt, One-half cup of mayonnaise, Beat very hard to blend; let cool, and it is then ready to serve. If you prefer to keep it just add a few tablespoons of vinegar.

Sour Cream Dressing Whip three-quarters cup of sour cream, then add One-half cup of mayonnaise, Two teaspoons of powdered sugar, One large onion, grated, One-half cup of finely minced parsley, One-half cup of home-made chili sauce, Beat to blend.

Knockabout Salad Put through the food chopper, using the coarsest knife, all the green tops from a stalk of celery, Four cabbage leaves, One large onion, grated, Three medium-sized onions, One raw carrot; scrape the carrot, One raw beet; peel the beet. Form in little piles on leaf of lettuce and serve with any dressing that you like.

Potato Salad Pare and dice six potatoes and cook in salted water. Drain and add Two onions, grated, One cup of finely minced celery, using the green tops, One-half cup of finely chopped parsley, Four strips of bacon, minced fine and nicely browned, Dress to blend, then season with salt and pepper and use the sour-cream dressing.

Eggless Mayonnaise Place in a soup plate Four tablespoons of evaporated milk, One egg, One-half teaspoon of paprika, One teaspoon of vinegar, Beat to blend, then add three-quarters of a cup of salad oil, beating in the oil very slowly to start; then whip until quite stiff, adding two more teaspoons of vinegar while adding the oil.

MRS. WILSON'S ANSWERS My Dear Mrs. Wilson—Will you give me a recipe for English beef and barley soup? M. A. R. The meat used for this dish is usually a cut from the shin or brisket. Place one and one-half pounds of beef, scrubbed and cut desired, in soup kettle and add One-half cup of washed barley, One-half cup of well-washed dried peas, Three slices of turnip, chopped fine, One small carrot, chopped fine, One leek or two onions, chopped fine, One and one-quarter cups of finely chopped cabbage, Little bunch of soup herbs, One-half teaspoon of sweet paprika, Six pints of cold water.

Chances to Live Although on the average women live longer than men, a woman of twenty-five has fewer chances of living to be fifty than a man of the same age. On the other hand, if a man and a woman have both reached the age of fifty the chances are that the woman will outlive the man, a fact accounted for by the difference in temperament.

The Question Corner Today's Inquiries 1. In order to give a surprising answer to the evening costume and at the same time provide a place for the hankiechiefs, what novelty can be worn? 2. What is the newest idea for arranging the hair in Paris? 3. In a new desk set of dull brass, what picturesque locality furnishes the inspiration for the formation of the various articles? 4. If the little girl who makes her own Christmas gifts wants to please her mother, what useful present can she make? 5. How are many of the newest fur coats belted? 6. In the realm of vells, what old favorites are coming back?

Yesterday's Answers 1. A holder of Japanese figured china, with a single tassel, all open, tiny standing candle and a tray for sealing wax is an original and quaintly ornamental bit of usefulness for the desk. 2. By cutting a piece of early board wider at the top than at the bottom and covering each one with part of a leftover piece of costume, and by joining these together and fastening them on a flat hexagonal piece of costume covered with a pretty darning basket, a very charming and useful present can be easily made. 3. For the living room, a fanciful lampshade is shaped like a ship, the sides being made of dull green satin, and the sails which hold the light within them made of white yellow satin. 4. The little girl can make her chum for Christmas a jumping rope, with painted cloths holding it at either end and forming a nice handle. 5. A plain-colored silk scarf is made distinctive by a tiny open-work monogram. 6. Gray charmeuse and silver metal lace is an exquisite combination of color and texture for the evening gown or the more elaborate afternoon frock.

Things You'll Love to Make A BROCADED SILK CORSET-BAG is a gift that you can make and give to a friend that others are not likely to think of. Cut an oblong of brocaded silk, have it eight inches wide and six inches long. Fold the silk in half lengthwise, with the oblong with plain silk. Join the long sides with a row of buttonholes, leaving a ring, painted to match the silk, or covered with silk of the same color, at one end. Sew the bag through the rings. You can enhance the beauty of this BROCADED SILK CORSET-BAG by applying a small piece of plain silk on which you have embroidered your friend's initials.

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Is It Fair to Ask Your Friend to Cherish Your Secret Confidence?

It Burdens Her More Than a Guilty Conscience of Her Own, but Then She Can Ask the Same of You if She Wants To

IT IS a very burdensome thing to have a guilty conscience weigh quite as much as a ton or two of coal. But even that doesn't weigh so much as somebody else's guilt, or trouble, or joy, or whatever the confidence may have been.

There is something very solemnly pleasant about having some one confide in you. "She must trust me," you decide to your delighted self. "She must feel that I'm the kind of person who can keep a secret without hinting about it or blabbing it to the first person I see. I like to wish you knew? smile off your face.

And it's depressing. Here you are with a perfectly good piece of news, and if you tell it you will have betrayed a solemn trust. After the announcement of the engagement when Jack tells you that he has known it longer than you have, you wonder about the solemnity of the trust!

OR MAYBE you have been told that Anne is going to get that book she's been wanting for Christmas, and you see her, giving up movies, going without much-needed candy and ice cream, walking herself weary to the carfare, in order to buy that book. If you could just tell her!

IT IS quite fair for her to unload the responsibilities of her own conscience upon a friend this way? We all do it, and there is nothing like the relief that comes from airing a secret. Dear old Jack, locked up in the recesses of our hearts.

But, isn't it asking a good deal to expect a friend to take an interest in something that concerns her not in the slightest and to cherish that something as a profound secret, a sacred trust? Is it fair? Is it just?

Well, sometimes we think it isn't. When our conscience is heavy with some one else's guilt, or problem, or joyous secret, we feel as if it is in position to ask us to keep that all to ourselves.

But this is one of the privileges of friendship—to ask a friend to listen and to confide you feel that it is not too much to ask of your friend to listen and not tell it to a sacred trust and the faith that is placed in you is worth a certain amount of burden-bearing.

CHAPTER XLVIII Waiting!

WE TALKED far into the night, and when we finally went to bed, I was so tired that I slept in spite of myself. I woke the next morning with a start to find myself in a strange bed, and then suddenly as I remembered everything a wave of anguish swept over me.

I lay there for a few minutes thinking anxiously of Dane. Would he know where I had gone? Or would he worry about me? One moment the thought of his worrying buoyed me up, but the next moment I was plunged into the depths again. Of course he would know that I had gone to Janet, and if it were true, what Janet had said, he would know it. But if he didn't know it, if day after day I had to sit here waiting, what then? I shuddered and with a half sob buried my face in the pillow. The bed was cut and ready for me, but the menses; it would drive me mad.

After a while, I dragged myself out of bed, slipped on a nightgown and, while Janet was running, read the note that Janet had left for me. Janet, of course, had gone to the office, but she had left everything ready for my breakfast. The bread was cut and ready for the toaster, the percolator was all ready to light, two eggs roiled in a little saucepan ready to be boiled, and I found a half grape fruit in the tiny ice-box.

I breakfasted with the subconscious thought that the telephone might ring at any minute. I glanced at the clock, and tried to follow Dane in my imagination. He must have reached the office by now. He was sitting at his desk. Oh, surely, surely he would think of me, and he would call up here as soon as he had a chance. But although I ate slowly, conscious that I had nothing to do after breakfast was finished, the telephone remained silent.

I decided not to leave the apartment. So sure was I that Dane would ring, not even for a short walk. In the little kitchenette I washed the dishes, and just as I was drying the last plate, the telephone rang. I nearly could not bear the menses; it would drive me mad.

For the living room, a fanciful lampshade is shaped like a ship, the sides being made of dull green satin, and the sails which hold the light within them made of white yellow satin.

The little girl can make her chum for Christmas a jumping rope, with painted cloths holding it at either end and forming a nice handle.

A plain-colored silk scarf is made distinctive by a tiny open-work monogram.

Gray charmeuse and silver metal lace is an exquisite combination of color and texture for the evening gown or the more elaborate afternoon frock.

Always Leap Year In Himia, one of the little islands of the Greek Archipelago, the girls exercise the right to propose to the men. The inhabitants of the island are engaged almost entirely in sponge fishing. When a girl desires to marry she waits until she has obtained the number of sponges from the sea that corresponds to the number of years she has lived. These she places in a silk net, which she presents to the man of her choice. Should he refuse his chances of obtaining the bride are gone, as usually the Himian maidens shun him as punishment.

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